

ALLEN AND M'COOLE.

An Interview with Them—McClellan's Statement.

We rode on until the coach stopped in front of an old-fashioned farm-house on the "banks of the Ohio," known as the "Buckeye House." Here we alighted, and

ascending the porch, we were moving leisurely along, in the hope of meeting some friendly face to welcome us, when we were brought to a halt by the abrupt inquiry of "What do you want?" from a powerful and rather unmusical voice. "I wish to see Mr. Allen, sir," was our polite reply. "Hold on a minute. Who are you?" We answered: "We are the

reporter of the New York Herald, and would like to speak with Mr. Allen a few moments." The gentleman entered the house, and we heard him say: "The reporter of the New York Herald is outside and would like to see you." "Tell him to come in," said the party dressed, and in we went without further invitation. "Good day, Mr. Allen," said we. "Good day," replied the pug list, who was then sitting in front of a blazing fire of bituminous coal drying his hands, which he had

Reporter—You are not using the usual dark substance which prize fighters generally put on their hands to harden them?

Allen—No; this is far better; it makes the hands harder and does not look so bad as the other stuff. See (exhibiting his hands).

Reporter—Your hands are very hard, truly; and they are wonderfully perfect, considering the amount of hard hitting that they have had to do during your pugilistic career.

Allen—That's because I know how to hit. I always see what I am hitting at before I strike, and when I send in a blow I do it straight from the shoulder, thus—(seizing his fist with the back of his hand down)—and not in this way—(going through the broad

Reporter—How is McBride's hands? Did you notice them when you last fought?

Alien—His hands ought to be right tough; he never could hit hard enough to hurt them.

Reporter—Ahi but we saw him give Aaron Jones a blow in the front of the head that put him to sleep for fifteen minutes.

Alien—It must have been Jones' hour to have taken his midday nap then, and he went to sleep, you understand. Now, come, don't let us

Alben—No, I am not wrong. (He evidently did not understand what I said.) I tell you I cannot fight—no more fight—and I never will fight. I'll knock the stuffing out of him in ten minutes. He's just a coward. No more talk with me, and get home by five.

the second will see to that.

Regan—Then you think you will be able to get away with the Code very easily, don't you?

Al—Yes. The last thing was the easiest job I ever did in my life. I told you I'll tick it all big, but if it takes five hours to do it, it's the way I want it, and I'll ever see.

Allen now got up, and, putting a scarf around his neck, then put on a monkey jacket, a bow tie, and a pair of new corduroy gloves. Then, with a nod, saying that he had to go, he bowed and as he walked along he bowed to the reporter, "Well, he's the grandest son of a b—,"

[illegible]

hard-headed Alton. He looks much different than when he ought to, and, in fact, is turning gray. He will weigh about 200 pounds, and his wine Alton will not be over 170 pounds. He is a srenth and of earth.

Nicola's opinion.

[From the special interview to the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

St. Louis, Mo., December 11.—Miklos, the St. Louis, Mo., lawyer, says that he has seen the man who was shot at the dance at the St. Louis, Mo., dance hall, and that he is a man of about 20 years of age, and that he is a man of about 20 years of age, and that he is a man of about 20 years of age.

and yet one of their purposes is to be
 ed on the other side to help me for
 der. I want to do a few, but I do not
 ago. I'm too busy for these in a way
 out in the field, there is no honor in
 thing, talk and a few will go by, but
 want to write him six men, or I will go
 with him and we have a chance to
 we are so, and that for the time
 we will go to the other side and so

[illegible]

Two-Horse Riders.
[From the *Underland* (commercial).]
Now that the (sagacious) of General Bismarck
field has Assistant Treasurer in New York, he
has been accepted, because of his immunities, as
in his office, what is to become of him?

[illegible]

